## The American Girl Who Won With Ambition

THE American girl with ambition to get to the top in a chosen career instructively knows how to con-A cert every opportunity, however slight to be advantage. Suight is a alway motion metric cheater is not voly substying to the wife attest of desires, our is a contract you as it among an attail both it consents. or office from one, and large varieties houses especially seems one can in its grand a para. But such

ber hante town of Mounter, a superiors, she said the electric trining gril area she was making use of every lanks opening which came has way. Find a wall for sample are the matable opera horse permit better him the owner of a new home on the role Drive New Yorks with a secretary to attend for negues and with sincers assured her every way, when she is but hist advancing into the two miles, Kosa Ponselle proves what an American gull with determination coupled, of course, with talout can ac-

They are good, ofd-fashtanted tolk in Meriden and they are mighty propol of this young girl's success. They may recall how boar as a mild was so willing to run up errand for thems how she loved the many babin se growing up in the town, and how cheerfully she tended them in any emergence. But above all, they recall how her dudded wowe, singing the simple flynnis, in the church of the community, made them pray the better for the feroes and devotion she threw into her song. Then came the time when the other to sing in the metion present house of the town widered Rusa's

ROSA PONSELLE

popularity, and later they recalled how this black eyed, black harred girl of 15, with nothing much but her takent for backing, went away from home, one day, tosing at concerts in a hotel in New Haven,

There was general rejoicing when she made good in this new held and a year later, when Rosa, with her compet sister, Carmella, left for New York, to go into conversible, the town's folk wished them all sorts of good look. It was only in an uptown theater, in the

## "Eddie" Guest—The Poet of the People

TWEXTY-FIVE years ago, a small boy walked into a Detroit drug store and asked if they had a y b he could fill after school and on Saturdays. This did need a boy, so they set him to work polishing glassiat the soda formain. Today that boy is rich emount to afford to boast the golf long, and he has all the other hixuries that go hand in hand with the crace of swatting a ball around the pasture

How did he do it all? Well, he wrote poetry, That's right, and his poetry sells so well that they call him the Poet of the People. His name is Edgar A fathert New kitton his work, don't you? Surely-so,

No hard in a doze book has had a more interesting the his the ladder than some times. He poished plasses so well at the drop store that one this is a life w who detuct a store farther down we came in and reked the rootic shine expert if he would like a new the at his her ay. The young shore expert tell and three of the live of the dollar. It really was Pare that raining diddle was following, for one of the chaps who warm in the flow place of his new employment was compayed by a newspaper, and when Eddie discovered that that, he began to ask operations. Eddie had almays had a secret ambition toward the dails press, The newspaper chap was interested in the boy, and sure enough, when the chance came he remembered and Eddie found himself working for the Detroit Free

Of a prese, if this were to be a biography, it might he possible to include how Eddle outgrew the Intriness dipartment and became office boy for the educated department, how, as editorial office boy he learned many vital secrets, such as the true names of famous actresses, why Jimmy the Turk was not able to knock out the Heavy-handed Swede-you know, all the things that readblue mention across the fence but that never But allocaring. But at any rate, he know all the secrets of the trade, and he was ambitious. Either reason may have caused him to be promoted, but, at any rate, he was put to work on the exchange desk, where he looked over thousands of newspapers from other epies, and if he saw an item that he thought Derroit might blie to know, be aligned in Exchange of news, you numberstands

It was about this time that poetry began to show signs of breaking our from the boy who dad been a pertextly good glass polisher. He has gan to write, and the paper began to publish-nor all-but some of his

In the year that followed, Edda's verse became so inneresting that every Monthly morning the editor let him can a column of his own poems under the observed heading of "Blue Morollay ( bat."

And so Eddie Guest's verses became known and liked, first in Detreat, then is other cities of the comtry. In 10th he brought out a book sst poems called "Home Rhymes." Brought out is the right expression, printer, printed and distributed the volume, for no publisher would agcopt the book. There were only eight hundred copies, but they sold, and young Guest and his printer brother lamiched another volume, "Just Glad "Things," on the public two years

fin more years classed, howeset. Believe a "regular publisher" saw its to accept a book of threats sent and in 1914 of High of and aged. In less than two be a second of the beautiful the reported that customers were adopt if Mr. Unest had an they have drauther words, the follaw was made. One day somehode as well down why he made money as while a lim most people who traid it

this that it bellow who never got further than transmer wheel couldn't understand." He smiled at his own



EDGAR A, GUEST

appreciation of his work, but he really his the nail on the head. A Guest poem is always clean, and never

what is commonly called "hughbrows" Admiring friends call him the James Whitcomb Kiley of today. Maybe they are right, for a fellow who can write such lines as these deserves buth praise;

"It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it A heap of sun and shadder, and we sometimes have

t' roam Afore we really introduce the things we left belitind.

An' honger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.

It don't make any difference how rich ye get i' be, How much yer chairs an tables cost, how great yer luxury !

It am't hame t' ye, though it be the palace of a king Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped 'round

Edgar A. Greet still lives in his home town, Detron, and they know him there everybody knows him -as fiddle quest. He has a wife and three children, brothers, and a best of friends. He's been president of the American Press Humorists, plays a rattling good game of billiards as well as golf, and when Detropers have a volter that they want to treat especially will, they give him a dinner and ask Eddie Guest to

Here a great chap, and he thinks that the greatest thing that ever happened to him was when the fellows in the campa began to want to even a copy of "A Heapof Living and the publisher got on an edition in khakr binding. He has sweek made good, but then

necessary, that the girls obtained work but their fame soon spread it in there build the orier came from the buy laises, for the "Potselli-Series" to do up too. The corne took them to the lieger cours detress the states, and from the gallery to the orchestra patrons came genuine applause, across the footlights, to the singers.

But Rosa was not satisfied; neither was Carmella. All this was good experience, but could not satisfy

their ambitions. Both quit the stage, Rosa plexed her eli for six months under the direction of an opera coach and Carmella returned to Meriden, for further study under Miss Ryan, the choir director, who had "discovered" both sisters' voices, when children, in the little church choir,

Then America entered the war. Foreign stars for opera ceased coming into the country, because of the dangers of ocean travel, but this worked to the advantage of American singers, who were given greater apportunities than ever before, to prove their worth

A day arrived when Could Crarte Casazza, the imre-arm, agreed to hear several 4-ming dramatic sopractice. Here was the goal for which Rosa had worked so hard. She arrived at the great opera house; her turn came, but when she tried to sing, the nervous excitement had been too much for this big, robust girl, She fainted. Nothing danned, however, she returned the next day, herself in hand this time, and the trial was so successful that she was offered a three-year contract. Her debut occurred last November, when she

Her town's folk were so delighted that the mayor sent her a telegram which read; "Your wonderful success is highly pleasing to the people of your home city." Then, when her operatic appearances permitted, they planned a regular homecoming for the artist, in which she was feted and feasted. The mayor headed a committee to meet her at the train. She was escorted up the main street of Meriden to the city hall, where the people wholeheartedly welcomed back their own